

## LIE, SAYS TURNEY, FATHER DID NOT STEAL \$106,000

Defaulting Teller Angry  
at Story that Parent,  
Too, Was Bank Thief.

MORE ABOUT "EDNA."

Posed as Her Uncle When  
She Paid \$600 for Fur-  
nished-Room House.

"Lie, all that!" exclaimed Joseph A. Turney, the defaulting note teller of the National Bank of North America, in the Tombs Prison to-day when he was shown a newspaper containing an article to the effect that his father, now dead, once embezzled \$106,000 from the same vaults which Turney confesses to have robbed of \$34,000.

"My father cannot answer this charge," he went on, "and I never knew anything of it. But my father was not guilty—I know he was not guilty. He was a kind, conscientious and upright man. I question the purpose of an official who blackens the character of a man against whom nothing but good was spoken while he was living."

Officers of the Twenty-second Regiment, National Guard, in which Turney held a captain's commission up to the Monday previous to the discovery of the defalcation are indignant over the statements of the note-teller that he had spent a great deal of the stolen money entertaining his brother officers in the regiment. Col. N. B. Thurston and others denied that Turney was a spender among men.

Was Tight About Money.  
Turney was the tightest man in the regiment, to-day said Lieut. William A. Foster of Company F, "and I ought to know for I was his subordinate officer for fifteen years. When Turney was elected Captain a few months ago he set up beer and crackers to the boys. Turney was a very close man, and rarely bought a round of drinks even for the officers of his own company."

Turney was known as "Uncle" to the friends and business acquaintances of Miss Edna M. Leonard, the beautiful young proprietress of the furnished-room house No. 35 West Forty-sixth street. He was introduced as a generous and wealthy relative to all of her friends and figured as such in the purchase of Miss Leonard's present household equipment from S. A. Singerman, lawyer, of No. 53 Eighth avenue. "One night just two years ago this month," said Mr. Singerman to-day to an Evening World reporter, "a middle-aged stout woman, who represented herself as the proprietress of a furnished-room house in West Thirty-seventh street, near Seventh avenue, called at my home, No. 35 West Forty-sixth street, and said she had a 'very dear friend,' who desired to buy out right and take over the lease of a furnished house. She said her friend was from the South."

Paid \$600 for Furniture.  
Mr. Singerman says that on the following night the elderly woman brought Miss Leonard to the address in West Forty-sixth street, where he resided with his mother and two sisters. "I wanted \$1,000 for our furniture," he continued, "but Miss Leonard was advised against paying that much. We compromised at \$600, I retaining the parlor, dining-room and one chamber and she the other two."

"The following day," said Mr. Singerman, "Joseph A. Turney came into the transaction. With Miss Leonard he called at my downtown office, No. 61 Nassau street, and he acted as her legal adviser. My sister and the middle-aged stout woman, who brought Miss Leonard to me, were also present. The latter when addressing Miss Leonard said the most profusely affectionate terms."

"Miss Leonard upon receiving the bill of sale turned it over to Mr. Turney, whom I believed at the time was her lawyer. He admitted that he was connected with a big downtown bank. After carefully scanning the papers he gravely advised Miss Leonard to go ahead and sign. She paid me \$600, and I noted I had a debt about \$400 more."

Interested in Her Future.  
Mrs. A. Singerman, of No. 320 Manhattan avenue, mother of the lawyer, gave a different account of the payment. "Mr. Turney, I am quite certain, gave the \$600 to Miss Leonard," she said to an Evening World reporter. "My daughter, explained that he was deeply interested in the welfare of his young relative. He also came up to the house and looked it over before the deal was closed."

"How were you introduced to Mr. Turney?" was asked of Mr. Singerman. "Miss Leonard said that she was her 'uncle,' and introduced him to me as such," was the reply. "She said that she was preparing for the stage and had only recently come from the South. I remember that she was remarkably pretty, with rose tints in her cheeks and remarkably fine teeth. But I am quite certain that she took the \$600 from her own purse—yes, I am positive."

The name of the middle-aged stout woman, who acted as broker for Miss Leonard, has completely passed from Singerman's mind.  
Vice-President Walter W. Lee, of the National Bank of North America, and Assistant Superintendent J. J. Fallon, of the Pinkertons, following the location by an Evening World reporter of the mysterious Edna, said Miss Leonard a visit and were in conference with her for more than an hour. Mr. Lee, upon leaving the furnished-room house, said that he was satisfied that Miss Leonard had no knowledge of Turney's thievery.

## THRILLING STORY OF A FAT KIDNAPPER, A HARLEM BABY AND A SLIDE TROMBONE



Baby Elsa And Nurse Anna Schrenck

## MAN WITH TWO BUNDLES RAISES RIOT IN HARLEM

Baby Disappears, Nurse-Girl Screeches, Crowd  
Pursues; Kidnapper Caught Red-Handed  
Playing to Baby on a Slide Trombone.

### CHAPTER I.

A corpulent man with bloodshot eyes and a damp, straw-colored mustache, wandered unsteadily up Madison avenue to-day carrying two packages. Under his left arm he had a sinister-looking black bundle. The other package was invisible, but apparent.

In front of No. 139 Madison avenue, an imposing mansion and the home of Dr. Markus Markiewicz, a baby carriage stood beside the stoop. A baby was resting in the baby carriage. She was an enchanting girl baby, eighteen months old with big black eyes, and her name was Elsa Markiewicz.

The corpulent man stopped and gazed at the baby. The baby gazed at the corpulent man and laughed. The corpulent man did not laugh. He looked stealthily around. There was no one in the block between One Hundred and Fourth and One Hundred and Fifth streets. The nearest street car was two blocks away.

Of course, the corpulent man did not know the baby's name, but his malice told him that she was a fine baby. He determined to possess her. Placing the sinister-looking black package on the sidewalk he untied the straps holding the baby.

Hastily, but with rough tenderness, the corpulent man lifted the baby out of her carriage. There was alarm in her face then, but she did not cry. Picking up the sinister-looking package from the sidewalk the corpulent man lay a course across Madison avenue and disappeared around the corner of One Hundred and Fifth street.

It was 9:15 A. M.  
CHAPTER II.  
A plump, flaxen-haired little girl skipped down the steps of the Markiewicz mansion. Her cheeks were rosy and her eyes were bright. From her right hand she swung a pair of baby's mittens. The joy of life was in her heart, and as she approached the baby carriage she warbled:

"Hi-lo, hi-lo, hi-lo, hi-lo!" etc.  
Suddenly the warble ceased. Anna Schrenck, for it was she, the nurse girl of the Markiewicz family, stood petrified. The color died out of her cheeks. Her blue eyes opened until they looked like the business end of a pair of opera-glasses. Three seconds she stood thus, silent.

Then a shriek rent the air.  
Another shriek, a series of shrieks. Dr. and Mrs. Markiewicz appeared at the front door of their home, and, realizing the truth, fairly leaped down the steps. Policeman Burber appeared around the corner, having run all the way from Lexington avenue. Neighbors poured out of their basement doors and gathered in the street.

In a minute there was a crowd numbering 100 persons, mostly female persons, around Anna Schrenck. In two minutes the crowd had increased to 200 persons. It was rumored that there had been a double murder and suicide. But Anna Schrenck told the news when she wailed:

"I left the baby here to go in for her mittens and now the baby she has gone!"

"Kidnapped," muttered Policeman Burber.  
"I saw a man carrying a baby through One Hundred and Fifth street," volunteered Mrs. Edna Greenbaum.  
It was 9:20 A. M.

CHAPTER III.  
A large, corpulent man, with a damp, straw-colored mustache, wandered unsteadily into Central Park from Fifth avenue through the One Hundred and Fourth street entrance. He carried a sinister-looking black package under his left arm. Under his right arm he carried a baby, the same being Elsa Markiewicz. The other package was still there.

A curve of the road hid him from Fifth avenue, but still he continued on. Faintly the sounds of the city reached his ears. Deeper and deeper he went into the solitude. Through the trees and bushes he could see the sparkling surface of the lake in the distance. The sight of water affected him strangely, for he turned and retraced his steps.

A bench near the curve of the road invited him. Taking up to it carefully he placed the sinister-looking black package on the grass. He braced the back of the seat, and he began to untie the sinister-looking black package.

Distinctive of danger, Elsa Markiewicz began to cry. She is a proficient performer, as the eighteen-months-old babies are. The corpulent man betrayed impatience.  
"In a minute," he murmured, "I blow you up like a balloon."  
It was 9:20 A. M.

CHAPTER IV.  
Into Fifth avenue from One Hundred and Fifth street shot the figure of a plump, flaxen-haired little girl. Have our readers guessed that it was Anna Schrenck? Close behind her came Policeman Burber. He is a good runner, but he could not keep up with Anna Schrenck.

A little distance behind came Dr. Markus Markiewicz, Mrs. Edna Greenbaum, Mrs. Hirsch, Mrs. Elfeld, Mrs. Levy, Mrs. Cohen, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Lazzarini, Mrs. Lazzarini, and a hundred others. Then came another hundred all running, all shrieking. Fifth avenue they plumed. Into the park rushed Anna Schrenck, behind them the 300 or more pursuers. Around the curve of the road they flew and with a scream of joy Anna Schrenck let those behind know that the search was ended.

But how?  
Seated on the bench, as in the last chapter, was Elsa Markiewicz. By her side was the corpulent man, who had bloodshot eyes. He had a slide trombone attached to his back and as the pursuers approached he blew out the opening strains of the overture from "William Tell."  
It was 9:25 A. M.

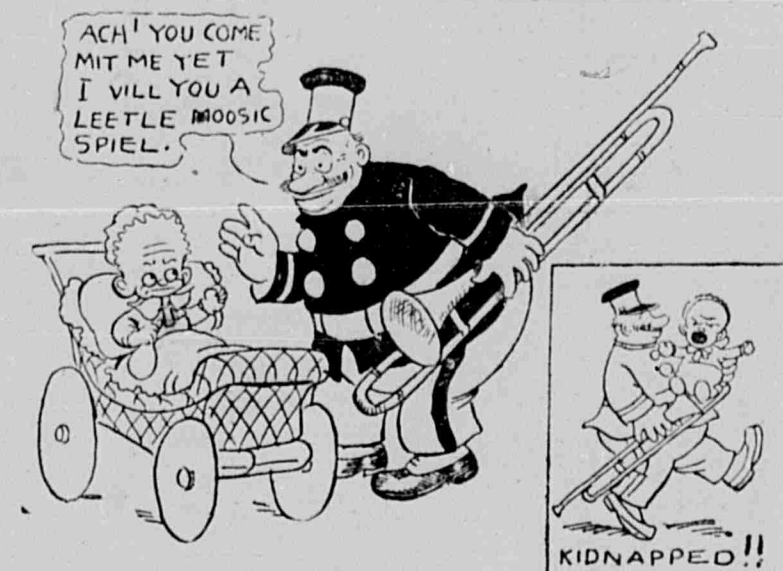
CHAPTER V.  
The corpulent man told Magistrate Crane that he was Albert Burber, a musician, of No. 69 East One Hundred and Eighth street, on his way home from a ball at which he had played all night. He figured that he had absorbed about 100 beers in the course of the festivities and when he saw Elsa Markiewicz all alone and lonesome the idea possessed him to take her into the park and play her a slide trombone solo.  
"You are fined \$5," said the Magistrate.  
It was 9:35 A. M.

Anna Schrenck has a pronounced opinion about Burber. She thinks he has too many "f's" in his name.

SLAYERS SET BODY  
OF VICTIM ABLAZE.

Railroad Man Shot and Stoned to  
Death, Supposedly in Re-  
venge by Enemies.

(Special to The Evening World.)  
WILKES-BARRE, Pa., April 3.—Charles Gallagher, a stationary engineer in the employ of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, was murdered to-day on a lonely road at Sugar Notch, a mining town near here.  
He was shot through the head and the upper portion of his body was battered with clubs and stones. Then an attempt was also made to incinerate the body.  
It is said the murdered man had incurred the enmity of foreigners residing in the vicinity of the murder.



## FIGHTING HARRIMAN IN WELLS-FARGO

Larger Dividends Party Say  
He Maintains Big Surplus  
for Own Benefit.

Although the next annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wells-Fargo Express Company will not be held until next August steps have already been taken that promise a lively session. A fight will be made on the present Board of Directors and an effort made to elect men who will be favorable to the payment of larger dividends.

For a long time E. H. Harriman, who is a director, has been the controlling factor in the management of the company. The present Board of Directors is composed almost entirely of men who are friendly to the Harriman interests.  
An 8 per cent dividend is drawn by the stockholders of the company now, but it is claimed that the earnings of the concern warrant a much larger payment.

W. C. Stokes & Company, in behalf of the stockholders who desire to secure an enlarged dividend, have sent out a circular asking all interested for their proxies, to be used at the next annual meeting.  
It is alleged that about \$16,000,000 has been accumulated in the way of a surplus, which it is further asserted is more than required by the business of the company. The stockholders think that part of this should be distributed in dividends.

The claim is made that E. H. Harriman, the controlling factor of the company, has heretofore been in favor of maintaining the surplus as large as possible, and the stockholders state that the reason for such action is that Mr. Harriman's railroads may borrow freely from the funds.  
The additional claim is made by the reform stockholders that Mr. Harriman was the only one who was able to negotiate loans out of this surplus.

The Southern Pacific Company is the largest single stockholder of Wells, Fargo & Co., owning 1,000 shares. The next largest block is one of 1,200 shares held by investors friendly to the proposed increase of dividends. It is understood that W. C. Stokes & Co. have secured a sufficient amount of proxies to enable them to carry out the plan.  
E. H. Harriman, who is in control of the board of directors of Wells, Fargo & Co. is the holder of only ten shares of that stock.

Wells, Fargo & Co. has been paying dividends at the rate of 8 per cent on a capital of \$8,000,000. The company, besides its express business, controls the Wells-Fargo banks in New York and San Francisco.

## WELCH NOT HELD FOR MRS. CRAIG'S DEATH.

Police Sergeant, in Anger, Doesn't  
Want Bookmaker Lichtenstein's  
Sympathy.

A Coroner's jury in the Bronx held an inquest to-day into the death of Mrs. Robert R. Craig, wife of Police Sergt. Craig, who was killed in an automobile accident last month.

The Sergeant, his wife and family were in a hired auto and while driving by One Hundred and Seventy-first street and Jerome avenue were bumped into by an automobile driven by Frank L. Welch, of the Welch Motor Company, of Ontario, Mich. Sol Lichtenstein, the bookmaker, and his wife were in the Welch car.

The Welch car caused the hired auto to swerve and hit a trolley pole. The coroner's jury decided that Mr. Welch was guilty of an error of judgment and discarded him.  
During the inquest Sol Lichtenstein expressed his sympathy for the bereaved police sergeant, whereupon the sergeant jumped up pale and trembling and cried:  
"I don't want any of your sympathy. If you had had a married son in you you would not have run away after the accident. The injured party was a woman whose wife was ill and he was afraid to go back for fear of being mobbed. This did not pacify Craig, however. He said he wasn't through with case yet."

## JURORS HEAR OF PALMER MILLIONS

Story of Fortune that Went  
to Religious Institutions  
Told in Court.

After spending a whole day selecting a jury of men who had no prejudices against will contests, ministers, gifts and bequests to religious institutions rather than to relatives the third trial of the contest of the will of Francis Asbury Palmer was begun to-day before Justice Glendon in the Supreme Court. The contest is because the testator gave away to religious institutions at his death about all he had left of his \$5,000,000 fortune. The great bulk of it he had given away previous to the making of his will.

A year before he died Mr. Palmer, who had been president of the National Broadway Bank, called all the bank's employees together and distributed \$24,000 among them, and six weeks before he died he sold his controlling interest in the bank to Charles W. Morse, the Ice King, for \$2125,000. He died in November, 1902, but when his will was filed the executor stated that the estate was less than \$500,000 personal and about \$1,000,000 real estate, and his relatives, the contestants of the will, charged that the ministers who dominated the last years of his life persuaded him to give away the money he got for his stock to straggling religious schools, colleges and other institutions in the Far West about which he could not possibly know anything. He was ninety-one years old.

Provided an Annuity.  
His will provided for a \$1,200 annuity to his brother, James H. Palmer, of California, now ninety-seven years old, and virtually ignored the rest of his family, among them nieces and grand-nieces, for whom he had manifested great fondness down to the death of his wife, after which they say he fell under the influence of the ministers.

Austen G. Fox and Co., William C. Beecher are counsel for the executors. They submitted the usual evidence of the execution of the will, and the subscribing witnesses, declaring that Francis Asbury Palmer appeared to be sound in mind and quite competent to know what he wanted to do with his money.

Mr. Fox added that five weeks before he died Mr. Palmer signed no less than ninety-two checks in a single day, in the course of his business.  
Flamen B. Chandler, Col. William Jay's partner, who appears for the centenarian brother and two nieces who contest the will opened for them.

His Wife Protected Him.  
Mr. Chandler said all through his life until her death Palmer's wife had protected him from ministers seeking money, and after her death they swarmed about him and gained complete control of him.

"The culmination," said he, "came a year before his death, when they prevailed upon him to found the Francis Asbury Palmer Fund, for the promotion of a non-sectarian religious movement in which all Protestants could join, and that fund now amounts to \$500,000."

"In giving away his estate to ministers," continued the lawyer, "he forgot and gave with it a large property belonging to James H. Palmer, entrusted to his care many years before."

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It casts upon the floor.

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Workers Are Employed.